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OFFICE ON GLENWOOD AVENUE.

## The Bloomfield Record.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

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## The Lion-Mound of Waterloo.

Grace Greenwood, in a letter to the N.

Y. Times, writes as follows concerning

the battle-mound of Waterloo:

"It is extremely difficult at first to

realize or be reconciled to the scene of

the most momentous battle of modern

times—that huge interloper of a mound

dominates and transforms it so. The

entire conformation of the central por-

tion of the field is changed. The centre

of the British position—the ridge on

which Wellington was posted—the place

where the great square was formed,

and stood like a wall of steel and fire on

that awful day—the glorious ground,

pounded by shot and kneaded with blood,

has all been dug down many feet—the

earth taken and piled up, human dust

and all, to make the lofty mound on

which has mounted the Belgic lion, east

from French captured guns, forever

menacing France. Without this mound

is fair enough, with green grass and wild

flowers, within it is a monstrous charnel-

house. Never did lion stand guard over

such a heap of bones, and never did

beast wear so savage and defiant an as-

pect. I rejoice that it is not the English

lion that sets itself up as an eternal

taunt and menace—a big bronze growl.

England's lion finishes his dreadful work

and then lies down to sleep in a repose

more awful than this creature's snarling

watchfulness. England can always re-

new her grand emblem from the noblest

types of nature. When her "morning

dawn beats round the world," the lion of

Africa looks down from his mountain

cave and the lion of Asia stirs in his junc-

le-land; but this braggart Belgian can-

not even boast a lean and hungry speci-

men of the animal in her zoological col-

lection at Brussels.

The summit of the mound, which we

reach by a toilsome climb, affords a com-

prehensive view of the great scene of

conflict, but a high tower would have

served as well as this impertinent young

mountain. Surely the field should have

been kept as nearly as possible in the

state in which it was left after the dead

were buried—those pitiless wrecks of

the mighty flood of war which broke loose

here and in its reflux swept away throngs

and the boundaries of empires. Doubt-

less a few acres right here should have

been inclosed and protected, thus al-

lowing down, and hollowing out, and

piling up is a sin against the truth of

history and the higher truth of poetry.

Nature, when let alone, keeps well the

simple records of great events and heroic

deeds. The sunken road of Orléans, which

is made such a point of in Victor Hugo's

splendid description of the battle, as a

pitfall and hidden trench, wherein

the quick and the dead were piled to-

gether, has utterly lost that character—the

earth of one ridge having been quite re-

moved. By the way, an old guide born

near Waterloo, and who at the time of

the battle was a lad of seventeen and

helped bury the dead, told us that he

first conducted Victor Hugo over the field.

He said that the novelist stayed

at a farm-house in the neighborhood for

two months, and walked again and again

over the ground of his marvellous vision.

This is the way an artist works.

But after all the changes of sixty years,

or from the time even when Byron vis-

ited the field, when he needed no guide

to tell him where the slaughter had been

most terrible, for the deep shade and

lush luxuriance of grass and grain re-

vealed the ground where the blood ran

had been heaviest, and where the human

compost was richest—realization yet

comes to one almost overpoweringly

while looking down on the very spot

where stood the British squares, rigid,

serried, impeneable, inflexible, with

## My Last Glass.

My comrades, I thank you, not any for me;

My last chain is given, henceforward I'm free!

I will go to my home and my children to-night,

With no fumes of liquor their spirits to bright.

And with tears in my eyes I will beg my poor wife

To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life!

"I have never refused you before," let that pass,

For I have drunk my last glass, boys,

I have drunk my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,

With my beard, hagard eyes, and my red, bloated

face!

Mark my faltering step, and weak, palsied hand,

And the mark on my brow, that is worse than Cain's

brand.

See my crowding old hair, and my elbows and knees,

Alone warned by the sun, or chilled by the breeze;

Why, even the children will hoot at me—

But I have drunk my last glass, boys,

I have drunk my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,

That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my

brow.

When she dressed me and blessed me, her darling

brother.

Ere she lay down to rest by my dear father's side;

But with love in her eyes she looked up to the sky,

Bidding me meet her there, then whistling good-bye.

And I'll do it, God helping! Your smiles I'll not pass—

For I have drunk my last glass, boys,

I have drunk my last glass!

Ah! I needed home last night—it was not very late,

For I'd spent my last sixpence, and the landlords

won't wait.

On a fellow who's left every cent in their till.

And has pawned his last bed their coffers to fill.

Oh! the torments I felt, and the pang I endured!

By solace I found—only things will be cured!

But they kicked me out doors—I let that, too, pass,

For I've drunk my last glass, boys,

I have drunk my last glass!

At home my pet Susie, with soft, golden hair,

I saw through the window, kneeling in prayer,

From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves were

strung down.

While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her

sleeve.

And she prayed—prayed for bread—just a poor crust

of bread.

For one crust—on her knees—my pet darling plead;

And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!

But I've drunk my last glass, boys,

I have drunk my last glass!

My darling child saved me; her faith and her love,

Are akin to my dear sainted mother above.

I will make her words true, or I'll die the traitor,

And sober I'll go to my last resting place.

And she will keep them, and weeping, I'll come

no nearer steps under that day-strewn sod.

Not a drop more poison my lips shall ever pass,

For I've drunk my last glass, boys,

I have drunk my last glass!

How Colonel Baker takes his Sentence.

Colonel Valentine Baker has been in-

terviewed in prison by an American cor-

respondent, and talked about his fate in

a very despairing sort of a way. As to

the sentence he said: "It is a very severe

one, more, perhaps in its effects than in

itself. I have believed all along that the

clamor made about my case would pre-

judice it in the minds of a common jury.

I am still of that opinion. Had it not

been removed that the Prince of Wales

and others were exerting influences to

save me, I believe that more consideration

would have been taken of my services,

and that simply a fine would have been

inflicted. But Mr. Justice Brett, who

evidently wished to spare me degradation

when he said by brilliant deeds I might

rehabilitate myself, did not realize that

imprisonment was fatal to me. Many

indecent assaults are not punished by

imprisonment. He obeyed the popular

clamor, and no doubt thought he would

be accused of partiality did he not con-

demn me to the extreme penalty of the

offense. In this way I was made a sacri-

fice to the cry of "one law for the rich and

poor alike." I do not accuse my judge,

and I foresaw this. It is the reason why

## Fall Fashions.

All the new hats for autumn day wear

are of very dark or very light felt, a fin-

ished felt nearly as rich as velvet. The

shapes as yet do not materially differ

from those which have preceded them.

They are, at least some of them, smaller,

the crowns lower and more oval, the

brims straight or rolled instead of being

turned sharply back. In the very dark

shades, with their beautiful trimmings of

serge or satin silk, velvet, and feathers,

they are very handsome and very becom-

ing. The new Russian lace is much

used in conjunction with flowers as well

as feathers upon the imported hats and

bonnets, but these are for early use as

patterns and models, and afford little in-

dication of what the later winter styles

will be. For fall at least felt is the only

wear.

Skirts are tied back as tight as ever,

and there is no immediate prospect of

emancipation. A plain walking-skirt

does not now measure more than three

yards round at the bottom. The front

and side breadths are gored so that they

can be set on the bands perfectly plain,

leaving all the fullness to be massed into

three inches at the back. The demitri-

nated skirts are wider. These have

gored set in so that they form a fan shape

or peacock's tail, which is spread over a

new and peculiar tulle, a distension

very narrow at the waist and almost flat,

but which gradually swells out until it

acquires its greatest depth